# Forster and Lawrence: The Borderer's Vision of England

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要約

## フォースターとロレンス
## ——境界者が見たイングランドのヴィジョン——

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George Eliot, Forster, Lawrence の比較研究を過去7回に渡り連載してきた筆者は，その結論を踏まえて，社会観，自然観という観点から，いくつかの小説に見られる〈英国〉のヴィジョン（またはイメージ）を中心に Lawrence と Forster を論ずる。

彼らにとって英国とは，必ずしもロンドンや文化の中心を意味するものではなく，それはミッドランドの炭坑町であり，取り立てて特徴のないのどかな英国の田舎であり，逆に凍りつくチロル・アルプスの純白の世界や，イタリア，メキシコ，インドの中にすらあった。にも関わらず，それらは彼らにとって世界の中心であり，それぞれの意味で社会の周辺に位置した "borderer"（境界者）としての独特のディレンマの中から，彼らは逆説的に，そこに英国社会の本質を見出したのである。

特に Lawrence は，第一次大戦期の社会の混乱が彼個人に向けた敵意の刃の中で，*The Lost Girl, Women in Love* などの作品をものしたが，社会との関わりという意味では対照的な，この二つの作品をつき合わせると，Lawrence の自然観に根ざす恐怖と神秘の二つの類型が，鮮烈に浮かびあがる。"England, My England" は，Keith Cushman をして，「Lawrence のジョージア朝期詩人らに対する諷刺」と，呼ばしめたが，そこに潜むのは，実は様々な文学，思想，人間，土地にひかれ，葛藤を繰り返した Lawrence 自身の揺れ動く姿でもある。社会に反発し，自然にひかれながら，その自然の恐しい闇の力の餌食となり，他方，社会の潮流については押し流されて死に至る他はない個人の運命を怜悧に見据えた視点にこそ，彼の本領が示される。〈生ける闇〉は，それと対峙されねばならない。

比べて Forster には，そのようにつきつめた視点の代わりに，彼にとって最も自然な世界，即ち，自然と人間とが調和のある折り合いをつけ，その中で個人の安らぎが得られるような伝統的〈英国〉のヴィジョンが存在した。それが作品における Howards End であり，実生活における幼少期の Rooksnest の思い出や Cambridge の自由な，真理を尊ぶ気風であったといえる。彼の限界は彼の恵みの限界でもあり，彼自身，その事を意識していた。

The theme of the borderer, typically that of 'a fallen woman' as exemplified in Lawrence's *The Lost Girl*, is closely connected with the theme of 'the sisters' with its implication of dilemmas between their social being and their individual being, between man's logic and woman's logic—and also between England and a foreign culture.

Alvina in *The Lost Girl*, like Mrs. Morel in *Sons and Lovers*, is a daughter of a declining burgher family, in a small country town. Frustrated by the narrowness of her circumstances in her hometown, and also by the constraining courtship by the more or less intellectual Englishmen (a school teacher taking his belated degree at Oxford, and later a 53-year-old doctor who has climbed up from poverty) who lack the vital warmth which she needs, she is first attracted by a Continental theatre troupe, particularly by an Italian, Cicio, follows them once, and—adter seeking independence as a maternity nurse at Lancaster—eventually runs away with Cicio to Italy. The glamourous atmosphere of the travelling troupe consists of the leadership of the exquisitely piquant and indulgent French Madame, the dedicated, romantic loyalty of two Swiss men, and the mischievous pair of a French youth and Cicio himself, whose dark, sensuous power lurks beneath his sulky obedience to the group. As she joins the group, Alvina cuts herself from the English society to which she belonged, but, once in the group, she finds herself half in it and yet out of it, just as she notices Cicio is only half there.

> "We are one tribe, one nation—say it."
>
> "We are one tribe, one nation," repeated Alvina.
>
> "Say all," cried Madame.
>
> "We are one tribe, one nation—" they shouted, with varying accent.
>
> "Good!" said Madame. "And no nation do we know but the nation of the Hirondelles—"
>
> "No nation do we know but the nation of the Hirondelles," came the regged chant of strong male voices, resonant and gay with mockery.
>
> "Hurons—Hirondelles, means *swallows*," said Madame.
>
> "Yes, I know," said Alvina.
>
> "So! you know! Well then! We know no nation but the Hirondelles. WE HAVE NO LAW BUT HURON LAW!"
>
> "We have no law but Huron law!" sang the response, in a deep, sardonic chant.
>
> "WE HAVE NO LAWGIVER EXCEPT KISHWEGIN"
>
> "We have no lawgiver ercept Kishwegin," they sang sonorous.[8]

Here in the tight hypnotic space of chanting and dancing they seem to lose all their identities, nationality, even humanity (they are swallows!), human law, human morality, home, and names. Kishwegin is Madame's stage name when they all act as part of the fictional tribe of Natcha-Kee-Tawara. When they lose identities, victory is supreme on the head of a single woman who exerts such a power over them through the wails and

intense movement of her delicate body. The woman's law conquers men, who watch half sardonically the dramatic violence upon of her body and soul. Here, implicitly, the woman's body is identified with one's origin, name, home and nationality. Madame's dance is the dance of death, the destruction of all identities.

Madame's power, paradoxically, lies in her initiative, her imperious gesture, which demands others to destroy all identities, her body; yet she never allows any of the men to actually carry her off but keeps the violence on the dramatic plane, while encouraging Cicio to take Alvina as part of her initiation to their cult. That is Madame's wile strategy of remaining always in power, which somewhat resembles Gudrun's dramatic glamour in *Women in Love*. Gudrun, in fact, allows Geraid to exert all his power over her, but she never admits to her fear of losing herself lest she should be destroyed and be at his mercy. Behind Madame's strategy is her deep mistrust of men, especially of Cicio's irresistible sensuous power.

Cicio, too, is half sneering at her, and thus he and Alvina are tacitly drawn together by their common mistrust of Madame's hypnotic power: her insistence that "No nation do we know but the nation of. . . ." Inside the group, again, Alvina and Cicio become the borderers, only temporarily acquiescing to its power, with their pride of independence which can be pricked.

At the same time, inside Alvina develops a dilemma between her helpless desire for the untamable, isolated Italian and her resistance to be cheapened and enslaved, especially after her father's property was taken away by creditors on his death. In a way, it is a battle between the English intellectual pride of independence and the Italian sensuous pride of man mastering woman, revering her body but extinguishing her personal identity. But it is also complicated by the modern obsession for money from which even the Natcha-Kee-Tawaras are not free. Alvina feels her distinction in their eyes has partly depended on her position as an heiress and has much come down. She does leave the troupe and is happy for a time at Lancaster, respected in her work and fluttered by the doctor's attention. Her injured pride is restored. But when things begin to take a definite shape, she is alarmed and wants to run. Though marriage to the English doctor seems to take away the financial constraint from her, she knows he will cherish her as his "property" like one of his antique furniture and that the Lancaster society regards her as already "labelled", no longer with unknown quality. Finally it is the War, symbolically declared on the day of his proprsal, that makes all such "labelled" comforts seem unreal to her.

It is then that she meets Cicio again, whose group was broken up by the War. Now utterly homeless and alone, he follows her and sings a howling serenade to her, passionately asking her to come with him to Italy. She is both frightened and fascinated, but the War, the unreality of England which seeks to bind her, and her desire to get "lost" from this, in the end makes her submit to her helpless desire for Cicio. They get married and go to live in his native hamlet remote in the mountains of Italy.

In many ways, *The Lost Girl*, which Lawrence started writing in another title in 1912 but set aside at two-thirds to begin *The Sisters* and which he eventually rewrote in 1920,

is another version of *Women in Love*. Although Birkin is not an uneducated Italian, he takes Ursula away from home and also from England, at least temporarily. Birkin and Gerald, one more obviously detached from the English society than the other, both have the quality of a Demon Lover which threatens to extinguish the sisters' will, as well as making them want to rebel. Though Gerald on the surface is one of the Conservative Englishmen who make England run, his efficient actions are not based on her traditional values but on the fear of chaos and death that other people, other nations, may cut his throat. He himself is a thorough but masked disbeliever in England, which shows itself in his enjoyment of saturnalia among the Soho artists and in what Gudrun observes in his dancing as his "promiscuous" nature, to "have all the women he can". There, in the dancing among the mixed European company at the Tirolean *Reuionsaal*, Birkin, too, reveals his "licentious" and "degrading" nature to Ursula, which both fascinates and repels her. So both pairs of lovers—and both Ursula and Gudrun—present similarities, as well as differences, with Alvina and Cicio. Certainly the differences are not small. There is a clear contrast between Alvina's fate and Gudrun's. Also the details of the War work closely with the story in *The Lost Girl*, while it is not mentioned in *Women in Love*. But the general theme—and especially some of the scenes which illustrate it—present a similarity almost like images on a mirror.

The dark vision of England with "rather desolate little lights that twinkled... as on the shore of nowhere... sinking smaller and smaller", contemplated by Ursula and Birkin when crossing the Dover, finds a similar, if more frightening, image in Alvina and Cicio's "journey across".

> For there behind, behind all the sunshine, was England. England, beyond the water, rising with ash-grey, corpse-grey cliffs, and streaks of snow on the downs above. England, like a long, ash-grey coffin slowly submerging. ... That was England! Her thoughts flew to Woodhouse, the grey centre of it all. Home. (*LG*, p. 294)

In both scenes, the woman's departure from England implies the death of her English identity. One is at night, which veils the shape of England in the mystery of "nowhere" and turns her "desolate" lights into something even beautiful, sinking "on the profound and living darkness". The other is at sunrise, with the sunshine mercilessly revealing her ugly shape of "a long ash-grey coffin" which "repudiates" the light. What does this difference derive from?

Certainly it has much to do with the style of the novel. *The Lost Girl* is more realistic and with more emphasis on the story than *Women in Love* which is more dramatic and implicit, depending more on images and dramatic scenes than on the specific facts of the time and the situation, especially of the War. But it also reflects the relative role of Ursula's story, which is only half the truth in the novel. Ursula's vision of England, with little lights sinking in "the living darkness", is balanced by Gudrun's fear and ecstasy in finding everything and herself looking small and lost in the "sheer white" radiance of snow up in Tirol:

> From high above, on either side, swept down the white fold of snow, so that

one seemed small and tiny in a valley of pure concrete heaven, all strangely radinant and changeless and silent. . . . Gerald watched her: she seemed to be rushing towards her fate, and leaving him behind. . . . They came forth at last in a little high table-land of snow like the heart of an open rose. In the midst of the last deserted valleys of heaven stood a lonely building with brown wooden walls and white heavy roof, deep and deserted in the waste of snow, like a dream. It stood like a rock that had rolled down from the last steep slopes, a rock that had taken the from of a house, and was now half buried. (*WL*, pp. 398–400)

If we compare this with Alvina's vision of England as a submerging "coffin", again there is a strking similarity, which makes it possible to surmise that the lonely brown cottage which stands "like a dream... like a rock" is England herself. And it is being "buried" in "the waste of snow", instead of "on the profound and living darkness" (Ursula's vision at the Dover). Alvina sees England repudiating the light, and in Cicio's uncle's lonely stone villa, bare of comfort, she finds life threatened either by the cold inside or by the malicious light outisde, the light which fascinates and extinguishes her. It is as if the light of the foreign land revenges on England by revenging on Alvina. More consciously, though sheltered in her fancy, Gudrun identifies herself with England's "fate", "rushing" to destroy herself in the pure whiteness of "impenetrable", eternally foreign snow.

In the Italian scenes of *The Lost Girl*, what comes through stronger than the warmth of the Italians or the beauty of local flowers and changing seasons is the hostility of the impenetrable land, in which even the Cicios remain foreigners. In *Women in Love*, it no longer matters whether the snowland is in Austria, Italy or Germany. And its virgin hostility is obviously associated with woman's body again:

> Straight in front ran the cradle of silent snow, between the great slopes, that were fringed with a little roughness of pine-trees, like hair, round the base. But the cradle of snow ran on to the eternal closing-in, where the walls of snow and rock rose impenetrable, and the mountain peaks above were in heaven immediate. This was the centre, the knot, the navel of the world, where the earth belonged to the skies, pure, unapproachable, impassable.... Here at last she [Gudrun] folded her venture and settled down like a crystal in the navel of snow, and was gone. (*WL*, p. 401)

So subtly through the woman's will being lost in the woman's body itself, Gudrun acts out England's penetration by the impenetrable foreign forces of the earth on all sides. This, too, is England, her death-bed, because this is "the centre, the knot, the navel of the world", while Woodhouse, Alvina's hometown, is "the grey centre of it all", her England!

In both of the passages I quote from *The Lost Girl* and *Women in Love*, the word "centre" is used for describing, paradoxically, a kind of border, a threshold, of civilisation. One might think London would be the centre of England, even of the world. In the first case, it is a "mining townlet, with a population of ten thousand people, and three generations behind it", where man's ambition to run a business like in London is doomed

to a failure. In the second case, it is the old hollow of snow and silence where man loses the will to survive. Why is this so? The answer lies in Lawrence's own experience (growing up in Midland, as a son between a miner and an aspiring, strong-minded woman, etc.) and his unique discovery of truth through it.

First of all, Lawrence, like George Eliot, realized the paradoxical truth that the central problem of England, of civilisation, appears clearly in an insignificant town like theirs in Midland, where social changes bring in new population, where values clash and bear hostility, where different families rise and fall, and where everybody still knows everybody else, witnessing to the sordid fact of change and survival. The envious, belittling conservatism of a provincial town, to George Eliot, was the other side of the change. Similarly, Lawrence's mining town represented the sordidness of the change and the dehumanizing reaction to it.

Secondly, Lawrence, like George Eliot, saw behind this battle for survival the longer history of battle between human society and the forces of nature. The hostility of nature, even the malicious spirit of the place, appears more distinctly in *The Mill on the Floss*, in the mysterious connection between the flood and the legend of St. Ogg, than in *Middlemarch* itself. Throughout Lawrence's career, the hostility of nature, represented frequently by the image of the "white light", haunts him and demands human sacrifice as in *St Mawr* or *The Woman Who Rode Away*. The nightmarish vision seems to grow, not simply because of the local legends and atmosphere of Mexico or Italy but because of his repressed reaction against the dehumanizing changes of the modern world, of modern Europe, of England. Then the trespasser, the one who steps out of the sordid battlefield of modern society into the uncivilised world of woods, the remote land and the primitive society, would fall an easy victim to the murderous spirit of the earth. The short story named "England, My England", from which I took the title of this section, shows concisely the dilemma of this vision and how it was intensified through the War.

Keith Cushman, discussing the emergence of the *Prussian Officer* Stories[9] gave an interesting account of how Lawrence's reaction to the senior literary figures of his time changed through his formative years to the period of the War: particularly from the influence of H. G. Wells's dark realism on England's doom to the attraction of the optimistic, idealistic passion of 'return to the earth' which Edward Marsh and other Georgeans represented for a time before the War, and to the subsequent disillusion and parting from them who passively and nihilistically cooperated with the War. It would be interesting to compare this view with "England, My England", whose first version, written in 1915 (the year after completing *The Prussian Officer* stories), was the first story Lawrence launched after the Declaration of the War, and which he rewote in 1921. It is the story through which he sought to express most directly the impact of the War and his reaction to it.

The story has often been viewed as satiric, and Cushman's theory of Lawrence's 'outgrowth' from the Georgeans fits in almost perfectly with its plot. Winifred's father, Godfrey, is "still the father of the old English type", though he rules with the implicit old prestige of paternity and protective indulgence rather than with morals and disciplines.

He knows he is hollow inside but manages to battle for life, which can give him authority over his family. Desiring something higher than this, Winifred marries Egbert, "a born rose" of "age-long breeding" which has left nothing *inferior to* "a delightful spontaneous passion", a sweet voice, a handsome body, and the romantic love of the English countryside. Though attractive and free, Egbert is a negative existence to all caution and strategy for survival, and the couple's remote life at the still "savage, primitive" countryside is doomed to bring about a fatal accident, which almost dismembers their daughter, kills Winifred's passion for her husband, and drives him passively to the front of the War and to death.

However, we cannot overlook the ambiguity, sympathy as well as criticism, which surrounds both Godfrey and Egbert. Moreover, it is backed by the fatal sense of change from which neither man can escape and in which they must fight or submit to death.

> And they [children], venturing into the hard white light of our fatherless world, learned to see with the eyes of the world. They learned to criticise their father. . . . But this was all very well in the head. The moment they forgot their tricks of criticism, the old red glow of his authority came over them again. He [Godfrey] was not to be quenched.[10]
>
> He [Egbert] had, however, the one deepest pure-bred intinct. He recoiled inevitably from having his fellings dictated to him by the mass feeling. His feelings were his own, his understanding was his own, and he would never go back on either, willingly.[11]

So they both live in the "fatherless world" which denies their unquestioned authority or right of independence. The "white light", which here generally and rather confusingly represents the negative, critical mind of modern world, probably something finer, even alien to the mass mind but apparently indistinguishable, repudiates the old "red glow" of life's authority over its seeds. Godfrey is a conservative who sticks to the world and to life which is almost bitten hollow by the white light and combat within. Egbert is a trespasser, free from combat and caught out of the world, and thus willy-nilly a sacrifice to the non-human forces, either of the savage countryside or of the War, the murder en masse, over which he has no control. Strangely, the two non-human forces, which seem so different from each other, begin to take on similar maliciousness and purposelessness as Egbert has no other alternative choice between. By refusing to join the passion of the mass and yet joining the army-camp without feeling, without will, he remains a 'trespasser', a sort of 'foreigner' in England, and dies as such on the foreign land. So the two men live and die true to their character, in England or out of England, but both estranged and denied by "our fatherless world".

It is true that particularly Egbert, a born amateur, is drawn somewhat satirically, but "England, my England" is not totally a satire. Not only Egbert but Winifred's heart is killed, except for her heavy sense of guilt and self-sacrifice to her daughter, and Winifred *is* England. It shows both men's relative existence of which Egbert vaguely becomes aware at the end, but which is already implied in the earlier scenes of the young couple's intimate life at Crockham. There they experience an ominous "change of blood", and

Winifred is pierced by the shriek of a frog dangling from the teeth of a snake, the dark lord of the earth. It is important that their ominous feeling of penetration is compared to the terrified wonder of the ancient Saxons when they came to the English woods: the remote border of bygone civilsation, the land which "the spear of modern invention had not passed through" and which "lay there secret, primitive, savage as when the Saxons first came". The impact of this is that the men died but the land has survived, reminding us how they fought, bred, and disappeared, and prophesying how we shall live and be extinguished to nothing. This tells us more than the prolonged description of the actual battle-scene in France; and the latter scene, which is the counterpart of Crockham, becomes meaningful only by being referred back to the earlier scene. There seems to be something more than mere nihilism, something stoic and momentous beyond dilettantism, in Egbert's submission to death. But what that 'something' is does not fully come out, without the dazzling "white light" of the foreign nature which we find in *The Lost Girl, Women in Love*, and some other novels and stories before *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*[12]

In *Women in Love*, particularly, I think Lawrence sought the balance between the darkness of England the white light of a foreign land which is the counterpart of the first, another England. One England as a vision experienced by Ursula and the other as a vision experienced by Gudrun—the sisters both defy the world, the mass, and are not only denied by the world but either exposed to the light of pure cold or closed in by the secret darkness of thick, pulsing blood. There is an ambivalent relationship between the inhuman Nature and the nature in the sisters. They are both threatened by Nature and get their strength from Nature by identifying themselves with it. Probably, with the consciousness of one penetration against the other, light against darkness and darkness against light, one could hope to extinguish the contaminated human darkness and again live it afresh, purified. . . .

Birkin even hints at the possibility that one could do so by being conscious of the fall of one civilisation against the fall of another, of our civilisation. The scene of the moon caught in the dark pond[13] implies that what really matters is not the fact of extinction which the moon, Cybele (its mythical version) or Ursula (its modern version) experiences but the awareness of it for the lovers in dilemma. In 'Exeunt',[14] the lovers' mutual defeat releases them from their dilemma to a new life, simple and wistful in the moment of reconciliation between nature and man. But the novel fails to provide the ultimate vision of hope, especially for the man fighting for manhood in "our fatherless world". Ursula, finding the white light unnaturally severe, leaves the snowland where Gudrun persists. Hiding her fear, Gudrun *acts* her death and immunity in the snow, with Gerald as her audience, and sneers at his 'impure' magnetism which has not gone through death. Both attracted and repelled by her 'purity', the purity of snow which leads him to the border of death and yet rejects him as incompetent, Gerald is torn between. By refusing to submit either to his incompetence or to her purity, Gerald fights to the deadlock and, nauseated by life as a dilemma to its quick, dies in snow as a lifeless lump, admitting nothing.

"Imperial Caesar dead, and turned to clay

Would stop a hole to keep the wind away."

There was no response from that which had been Gerald. Strange, congealed, icy substance—no more. No more! (*WL*, p. 479)

The idea that the men died but the land has survived—and the idea of the past sanctifying the present—is familiar in Forster's literature. It does not follow that Lawrence imitated Forster, but they played on similar keys, especially in England's dark period immediately before and during the War, detesting her modern situation, yet admiring the 'guts' and practical wisdom of her people who live from day to day, being attracted to the mystery of the past, and yet fearing the hostility of the earth which has survived through change. Like the teeth of a snake from which a living frog dangles in "England, My England", there are pigs' teeth stuck in the bark of the symbolic wych-elm in *Howards End*. Critics agree that the novel is about the fate of England and that the house of Howards End and its wych-elm symbolize the spirit of England, and so does Ruth Wilcox, who is dead and still *lives* as a spirit in the house.

A simple comparison between the snake's teeth and the pig's teeth, however, would hint at the difference between the two authors. The dominant hostility of nature, which Lawrence visualizes, grips its victim helpless and weak. The wych-elm and the house have survived through rain and shine, impressive, even taking in the teeth of nature, superstitions, strifes, life and death. No wonder, because the house and its tree are not mere lives but the living history of understanding and reconciliation between nature and individual lives. Yet what Forster chooses as the true spirit of England is this particular house in the particular surroundings of Howards End, with nothing spectacular but "left to itself", with an uncaring touch of freedom in its contours which promises "comradeship". It is neither the house on Ducie Streek which the Wilcoxes inhabit in London nor their big, gray, early-19th-century mansion of Oniton which, despite its size, is just an accident on the magical landscape on the Welsh border. Oniton itself is "a market-town—as tiny a one as England possesses—and had for ages served that lonely valley, and guarded our marches against the Celt" (*HE*, p. 207), but its people are hostile to the Wilcoxes and the wedding guests from London. There Mr. Wilcox's degrading past with Mrs. Bast is revealed. Helen, angry for Mr. Bast, is driven to sympathy and sexual passion for the night. Oniton, proving to be one of the "false starts" for the sisters, is deserted by them for good. So the question is: Why does Forster—or why can he—choose Howards End as *his* England?

The choice of one's natural position, rather than the fate of being driven to the border, seems an important idea in Forster's imagination. Although he speaks of "fate", meaning the unknown, mysterious forces of nature, he does not believe in the blind battle nor in the blind submission, which inevitably leads to the unproductive chaos and the meanigless death like that of Leonard Bast. The idea seems fixed, though his sensitivity frequently hovers on the border "where angels fear to tread". To be brief, he would like to be left himself, an individual free from society, but he would not expose himself either to the desert or to the thick woods. His soul always comes back to *the* England which is 'natural' to himself, so that major charters never take the form of an apparent tresspasser

or foreigner in England. The sisters in *Howards End* are only "not English to the backbone", according to Aunt Juley.

Being "natural" is an ambiguous term in *Howards End*. The sisters' father, disillusioned with the Imperial Germany, has "naturalized" himself in England. Probably we hardly notice the word because it is used in such an ordinary way. But the word itself contains several elements which Forster gradually evolves and dramatizes before our eyes: choice, the conscious record or history of living and understanding the place, and the ambiguous position of neither the 'native' nor the 'foreigner'. Of course the England which the sisters experiences is different from the England experienced by the father, but it is essentiasly one continual process. England is observed, compared, chosen, lived in, and gradually understood by the half-foreigner who always remains a half-foreigner but who may get a different, sometimes deeper understanding than the natives, through their freedom, wider perspective, keener sense of differences, and "pliant" mind which has gone "up and down" through conflicting emotions of admiration and disillusion, victory and defeat.

The description with which Forster introduces the panoramic view of England is characteristic in this light:

> If one wanted to show a foreigner England, perhaps the wisest course would be to take him to the final section of the Purbeck hills, and stand him on their summit, a few miles to the east of Corfe. Then system after system our island would roll together under his feet. Beneath him is the valley of the From, and all the wild lands that come tossing down from Dorchester, black and gold, to mirror their gorse in the expanses of Poole. The valley of the Stour is beyond, unaccountable stream, dirty at Blandford, pure at Wimborne—the Stour, sliding out of fat fields, to marry the Avon beneath the tower of Christchurch. The valley of the Avon—invisible, but far to the north the trained eye may see Clearbury Ring that guards it, and the imagination may leap beyond that onto Salisbury Plain itself, and beyond the Plain to all the glorious downs of central England. Nor is suburbia absent. Bournemouth's ignoble coast cowers to the right, heralding the pine trees that mean, for all their beauty, red houses, and the Stock Exchange, and extend to the gates of London itself. So tremendous is the City's trail! But the cliffs of Freshwater it shall never touch, and the island will guard the Island's purity till the end of time. Seen from the west, the Wight is England floated forward to greet the foreigner—chalk of our chalk, turf of our turf, epitome of what will follow. (*HE*, p. 164)

So Forster goes on to list Southampton and Portsmouth, with the sea swirling around them, numerous unnamed villages, numerous castles and churches "vanquished or triumphant", ships, railways, and roads, exclaiming, "What incredible variety of men working beneath that lucent sky to what final end!" It would be, in fact, incredible to expect a foreigner to see all these at a glance. What this unnamed but "wise" and imaginative "one" wants a foreigner to see is not just a geographically comprehensive picture of England. When "one" speaks of Corfe, Cleabury Ring and the imagined

Salisbury Plain which springs from it, we can feel his historical knowledge and attachment to those place names. In fact, it is only "the trained eye" which knows where to expect what that may discern or imagine the details behind the scene, such as the "gorse" of "all the wild lands... tossing down... black and gold" as it is mirrored in the expanses of the Poole. Literary associations of Shakespeare, Hardy, Shelley, and others seem to lurk behind the Avon, the From, Dorchester, Christchurch, and so on. We can feel his aestheic sensitivity which has suffered from the invasion of "the City's trail", his exasperation with the snug "suburbia", and yet also a faint awe and attraction to the powerful bustle of "the Stock Exchange", "ships, railways and roads!"—the ambiguity which mingles with the historic sense of the rise and fall of "castles" and "churches", to produce a pathetic, philosophic tone of nostalgia and foreboding. Ultimately, he is not daunted but deeply moved and elated, looking at England from its pure white end, fresh throughout the changes, overlapping his eye with the newcomer's surprise and joy—"chalk of our chal, turf of our turf...." The entire passage shows Forster himself wishing to show *his* England to an *ideal* foreigner, an ideal reader.

That this 'ideal foreigner' stands apart in a precarious balance between a native, who is familiar with the facts but is insensitive to their relationship to other facts, and an utter foreigner who is ignorant and insensitive to the facts—is illustrated humourously in the little argument between Aunt Juley and Frieda Mosebach, the sisters' German cousin who "was brought up to these heights to be impressed". After a prolonged gaze, Frieda makes a futile attempt to praise England by comparing the English hills with the less "swelling" hills of Pomerania, and the momentarily dry Poole harbour with the muddy foreshore at Friedrich Wilhelms Bad, Rugen, "where beech trees hang over the tideless Baltic, and cows may contemplate the brine". Unawares, she reveals her attachment to the German pastoral scenery, in spite of her expressed preference for convenience, which is the only merit she could find in the English view. Aunt Juley reacts by wondering if the tideless German sea would be "rather unhealthy ... Water being safer when it moved about". Frieda snaps, "And your English lakes—Vindermere, Grasmere—are they then unhealthy?" Aunt Juley insists on the difference between fresh water and salt water, and so the argument becomes more and more ridiculous. When Frieda asks if the fresh acqariums "stink" less than salt, Helen interrupts her, saying she should not use the word "unless you pretend you are being funny while you say it". So the sisters' position implies the subtlety of language and culture which only 'training' or immersion in the culture can give, as well as the sensitivity and imaginative power of the individual which can be developed through training. Howerver, we cannot help feeling that Frieda is vulgar but right when she says:

> Then 'smell'. And the mud of your Pool down there—does it not smell, or may I say stink, ha, ha'? (*HE*, p. 165)

There is a wonderful sarcasm here, wich shows yet another dimension of the sisters' ambiguous position that Forster was very much aware of. They are always in danger of falling in the trap of snobbery.

Ignorance, inexperience, may be forgiven but snobbery cannot be—that is the lesson

Margaret learns through her brief contact with Mrs. Wilcox. That is because snobbery kills sensitivity. While sensitivity must go through training to develop itself in the English soil, it also tends to produce snobbery which blocks sensitivity. That is the dilemma which the sisters fight with, in dealing with Leonard Bast and Mr. Wilcox, and also within themselves. Once they are in the trap of snobbery, how can they get out, to reach their sensitive fingers and "connect" with those strangers, who may be English but 'foreigners' in *their* England? How far can they get out? Did not Forster, after all, believe in the sort of subtle training of sensitivity as George Moore[13] preached for 'goodness' and 'beauty'?

Is there any difference, after all, between Mr. Wilcox's insensitive amorous "tresspass" and that of Helen? or of the sisters?

> Had he suffered tortures of remorse, or had it been "There! That's over. Now for respectable life again"? The latter, if she [Margaret] read him rightly.... Only in legend does the sinner come forth penitent, but terrible, to conquer pure woman by his resistless power. He was anxious to be terrible, but had not got it in him. He was a good average Englishman, who had slipped. The really culpable point—his faithlessness to Mrs Wilcox—never seemed to strike him. (*HE*, p. 243)
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> "I ought to remember Leonard as my lover," said Helen, stepping down into the field. "I tempted him, and killed him, and it is surely the least I can do. I would like to throw out all my heart to Leonard on such an afternoon as this. But I cannot. It is no good pretending. I am forgetting him."... Margaret silenced her. She said: "It is only that people are far more different than is pretended. All over the world men and women are worrying because they cannot develop as they are supposed to develop. Here and there they have the matter out, and it comforts them. (*HE* p. 335)

and they do seem all comforted in the end at Howards End—Helen, Margaret, and Mr. Wilcox—though they fail to be the penitent 'demon lover' or the passionate 'femme fatale' who pine for the dead. So they are not the fatal trespassers but the "average" men and women who have "slipped", even Charles.

But the three people seek comfort and are comforted only after Mr. Wilcox collapses from Charles's indictment for murder, only after Helen falls ill, trying to recover from the shock of Leonard's death and learning to be humble for her personal failure. Margaret at one time gives up her marriage as a failure and thus, I imagine, becomes aware of the irrational strength of her passion. Forster is almost mute on that point, but how else could she "nurse" Mr. Wilcox, "love" him, and "understand" him better daily? Pity is there, but not pity alone. More explicitly, she can help the other two because, ever since childhood, she has "accepted occasional failures". Therefore, the other side of their choice for comfort is their admission and submission to failures. There is an unpresuming, pliant sensitivity behind it.

That this is—or is akin to—the traditionally feminine trait can be seen in the following passage which is half helpful, half misleading:

> If he [M. Wilcox] was a fortress she [Margaret] was a mountain peak, whom all might tread, but whom snows made nightly virginal.

This is the very picture of pliant 'purity' to be found in the "chalk of our chalk, turf of our turf". But then—

> Disdaining the heroic outfit, excitable in her methods, garrulous, episodical, shrill, she misled her lover much as she had misled her aunt. He mistook her fertility for weakness. (*HE*, pp. 179–80)

Margaret's reticence, before Mr. Wilcox, has taken the form of disguise in the traditional masculine view of feminine "weakness"—"excitable. . . garrulous, episodical, shrill"—to relieve and "mislead" her "spiritually obscure" lover. It is her 'noble' intention to "open the gates" of his soul without alarming him, but her act is a deception all the same, hardly distinguishable from the common tricks of women upon men. Her discerning eyes, her revolting spirit, and her plotting mind are hidden in the tender gloves, which "all might tread" but which remain unscarred. This virginal and "fertile" woman is not just simple but wise and corrupt, despite and because of her warm passion in her heart. The corruption is not pursued but rather treated as a relatively innocent and engaging human fault which a wise woman may well turn to her advantage. It is still part of the traditional game. But we might wonder how long the game goes on and, if it does go on, how she can and they can ever get out. Above all, can it operate for her ultimate cause?

Presumably, the image of humble submission, too, needs to be somehow destroyed to regain its genuine reality, to be born again. But my feeling is that violence of nature's destructive force almost but does not quite extend that far in the novel. Margaret finds the futility of her feminine trick before the stubborn insensitivity of Mr. Wilcox, who regards it out of the question to let Helen stay at Howards End on her last night in England, even upon his wife's request. Margaret tells him what she really thinks of him, only to find it even more futile. She leaves him with a face *closed*. It is the destruction of the fortress on *his* side, owing to the unexpected incident, that brings them both out of the deadlock. Then, she does not have to pretend. Nor does she need to speak much.

It may be that with Forster humbleness, unpretending, unpresuming submission to each person's limitation, is more important than the violence of 'foreign' nature which destroys 'his' England. If we just compare the pliant, noble purity of his "chalk of our chalk" with the hostile images of white light in *Women in Love*, they seem to illustrate the clear difference between Forster and Lawrence. Margaret's "exquisite" first visit to Howards End, particularly her walk through the reticent land of Hertfordshire, would provide a convincing proof:

> To define it was difficult, but Margaret knew what it was not: it was not snobbish. Though its contours were slight, there was a touch of freedom in their sweep to which Surrey will never attain, and the distant brow of the Chilterns hovered like a mountain. "Left to itself," was Margaret's opinion, "this county would vote Liberal." The comradeship, not passionate, that is our highest gift as a nation was promised by it, as by the low brick farm where she called for the key. (*HE*, p. 265)

Fortunately, Forster himself met such a place—or its model, Rooksnest—in his childhood and found his natural self in it. Though he had to leave the place and suffer his estrangement in the public school and its male-chauvinism, though he became increasingly aware of and frustrated with his 'difference' as a homosexual, he was all the more gratified with the liberal atmosphere of King's, Cambridge where he could breathe and be himself. There he developed a more sophisticated, yet unpretending relationship with some intellectual friends, which confirmed his belief in freedom, truth, and independent comradeship. Cambridge, after Rooksnest, was his second home to which he could return again and again. These visions, doubling together, were the best of England Forster ever saw, and he *could* see them clearly and still surviving as a pure, living tradition despite the advance of "the City's trail", and despite the foreboding of the War to come. It is so different from Lawrence's conflicting feelings of love and hate for Eastwood and its countryside, with pits, railways, woods and farms, with barriers and dark energies of men and nature behind.

However, we cannot forget Birkin remembering with relief that each person's life ends at his finger-tips and extends no farther. He would stop worrying about the nation (though we somehow feel he will worry again). Forster did include Leonard's death and the pig's teeth stuck in the wych-elm. These common trains of thoughts and images show that Lawrence and Forster complement each other rather than oppose to each other. Despite different temperaments and backgrounds, they both recognized the two possibilities of man's relationship to nature, hostility and co-existence, and the need for moving from one to the other, to destroy the barriers in each individual and let him "connect" with others. That is to change 'his' England for the more pliant, less masculine 'our' England where each individual is free, independent, and at home. Before the War, Lawrence even asked Forster to come and live with him, his wife and "a few others" in his utopian "Rananim", 'their' Rananim, though Forster thought it was not quite his shoe.

This is what they shared, taking and developing it from the tradition of George Eliot, Shakespeare and Sophocles, and what they shared is more astonishing than their differences. When Lawrence called Forster "the last Englishman", he must have contemplated with respect and affection mingling with envy that Forster had the actual surviving vision of such a free England, 'our' England. And the War was to test Forster yet, before he wrote *A Passage to India*, which is another novel of England in a foreign country.

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